

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
Musical Repository.

AUGUST, 1801.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is a virtue of so much importance, and of so much use in sweetening the bitters of life, that I cannot but wonder how it has so long been suffered to decay, while that noxious weed, vanity, usurping its place, hath received every addition of culture, and every sacrifice of taste. The politeness which is at present nourished in society, springs from a most polluted soil; it originates in a wish to be admired, and is strengthened by education and example: that which I shall recommend, hath its origin in the heart, is implanted by nature, and improved by the exercise of virtue. The ultimate of *true Politeness*, (which indeed is but a confined name for philanthropy), is to render every one pleased with himself:—to effect this, it industriously strives to fling the shining qualities of its possessor into the shade, while those of others are brought forward by this attempt. A heart possessing this most estimable virtue, perpetually puts the best construction upon all the actions of mankind, by which means it is enabled, (without feeling for a moment the despicable littleness of bowing to vice), to exert all its powers of pleasing, in almost every company. Most assuredly we owe this tax to the state in which we live. Our fellow-citizens exact from us, forbearance, modesty, and charity; if we have these, abundantly, it is impossible to be otherwise than polite and pleasing. It cannot be denied, but that much of this sweetness of heart is born, and grows up with us, and that many most worthy people have but little delicacy of man-

ners; yet it is full as certain, that these worthy people would be more beloved, were they less austere;—and that most of their good actions arise more from the conviction of duty, than the impulse of a warm heart. Politeness is the only virtue which can be seen at once, upon a first interview; and as it is even more fascinating than a beautiful person, it ought surely to be well considered, and carefully cultivated. For this purpose, we must begin by purifying our natures, and annihilating our vanity.—We must teach ourselves to unself (if I may so express it); to forget all our own wants, discontents, and anxieties; to stifle our private sorrows, suppress our little animosities, silence our brilliant scandals, and finally extinguish our own wishes, in a constant endeavour to prevent those of others. The man who does this, will be loved as much as he deserves to be, and though no one may perhaps know, why they feel more warmly for him, than for the rest of the intelligent and good of their acquaintance; yet all will acknowledge, that he is perpetually amiable, even while he appears of the least consequence in the whole party. To make men pleased with themselves, is surely a very innocent art, if we do not extend it to iniquity and insolence; but that, I think, is scarcely likely, as I am convinced, that the heart which could sacrifice its own gratifications to yield pleasure to its fellow-creatures, would possess that spirit of virtue which would teach it to shew most forcibly its abhorrence of vice. Yet genuine politeness does not confine its powers to making men pleased with themselves: if it did, it must be considered as offering incense to our very worst feelings—Pride. No! it is inspired by philanthropy, and consequently seeks to make us pleased with each other. In this view of it, how clearly do we perceive the difference between the true and the *false*: that quality which sometimes usurps the name of Politeness, is exercised only upon present objects, and in other societies, possibly employs those very objects as subjects of ridicule and derision. The politeness of the heart knows nothing of this; it is uniform in its opinions, and therefore in its practice; the care which it takes of the feelings of the person upon whom it is exercised, it considers equally necessary in regard to their character. Those whom it hath once treated with urbanity, it speaks of perpetually

with kindness: it is watchful for every opportunity of virtuous praise, and as assiduous in concealing those little foibles to which our weak nature is incident. Raillery and scandal, those ready auxiliaries of fashion and conversation, can never proceed from the lips of a polite man: he would blush to amuse one being with the frailties of another, deeply conscious, that when we laugh at the character of one of our acquaintance, we teach the remainder to tremble for themselves: men who endeavour to please by this method, are not aware how much the practice is to their disadvantage. It may amuse a company while they are together, and when every thought is lost in the gaiety of a revel; but when each retires to his home, when the mists of hilarity are dispersed, he will despise the creature who diverted solely by his malevolence and ill-nature. We find too that the important quality of politeness, is more frequently neglected by literary people, than any other class of society; and from this cause they are seldom so amiable as those who have less general powers of becoming so. But let those people search into their hearts; will they not find those affections, vanity and selfishness? surely they will. Such a chilling disregard of all the forms of life, and the charms of urbanity, arises merely from these principles, and perpetually casts the deepest shade over the brightest talents.

CLARK'S LEAP.



A GENTLEMAN who travelled lately into Cumberland, England, gives the following anecdote—"Passing Swirl's Gate, a little beyond the seven mile post, is seen a rock jutting out into the lake, which has got the name of *Clark's Leap*, from the following strange story. A man of the name of Clark was jealous of his wife to that degree, that he was resolved to put an end to his own existence. He communicated his resolution to his wife, and told her at the same time, that he was determined to hang himself; to this she

objected, for fear it might prove too painful: he then said he would shoot himself; but from this she likewise dissuaded him, for fear he might not kill himself outright, and suffer extreme pain to no purpose; he next proposed to drown himself; this pleased her, and they went very lovingly together to the water's edge; he then proposed to wade in, but she said that the weather was so cold that he would suffer much needless pain; then they walked by the water side till they came to this rock, which she told him she thought was fit for his purpose, as the water was deep enough at the edge to drown him; he was then going to throw himself directly in, but she told him he might hurt himself against the rock before he reached the water, so that he had better take a run and leap as far as he could; he followed her advice, very calmly put off his coat and took his leap; she staid till she saw him drowned, and returned, fully satisfied that she had done her duty *in giving him the best advice she could.*"—This lady is still alive, and thus she tells her own story!

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

(Continued from page 25.)

FROM an adjoining cavern, which seemed to be the galler's apartment, a lighted torch was brought: its glaring light presented me a spectacle which while I live I shall never forget. My hair stood erect with horror, and my blood curdled in my veins. Within a recess of the rock there lay chained a wretched victim, half naked, whom, by his white covering, but more particularly by his sighs, I knew to be the prisoner I had before seen. His hollow care-worn eyes, and his chained arms were mournfully turned towards an object, which at first I had not remarked; but which, I afterwards observed with horror, was the dead body of a female. Each of the five persons I had accompanied had a different attitude. Terror had discom-

posed the features of the three first, and upon the fourth was traced a stupid insensibility.—But how shall I describe the expression painted on the countenance of the person who had taken me by the hand, and whom, as I had imagined, I soon perceived to be a woman?

Her hat, which had fallen from her head, discovered her flowing tresses of extraordinary beauty; her brows were knit, and displayed at once the fury of hatred, and the flames of love; her large blue eyes, which darted forth revenge, were moistened by the tears of pity; her respiration was loud and interrupted; and her whole frame exhibited marks of unusual disorder: every muscle of her countenance was contracted, and every fibre of her heart palpitated. Torn by contending passions, she wished to speak, but her thoughts found no utterance; her lips murmured a few unintelligible words;—her whole soul was expressed in her looks; she by turns cast them with a tender solicitude on the prisoner, and with a malignant pleasure upon the dead body.

This painful situation could not continue long: a shower of tears put an end to it; then approaching the prisoner as he lay,—“Antoni,” said she, “you are silent: do you no longer hate me? or, to add to my misery, are you become insensible? Alas! I have too much offended you to pretend to your love; I have too severely punished you not to merit your hatred;—detest me; tell me you abhor me; it is only by rending my wounds you can assuage them; Oh Heaven! he no longer hears me: it is for her,” pointing to the body, “he preserves all the affections of his soul.—Though dead, and a prey to the worms, she has all his love; and I, who have been so often praised for my beauty, am disdained, despised, unheeded! Why am I not as she is?—Why is she not as I am?—I should then possess thy love; she thy hatred. Antoni! Antoni! knowest thou who I am? I am thy mistress,—thy persecutor! Take this hand, which wishes to join thine, and which thou hast hitherto rejected. Acknowledge it has revenged itself of thy contempt.” At these words, raising the covering which partly concealed the body, she shewed its bosom, horribly stained with blood, and pierced with a large wound in which a poniard remained, plunged; then, with a malignant smile, she said, “Behold what I have done!—She

adored you:—you preferred her to me; with these hands I murdered her! Why does she not awake, that I may destroy her again?—it is by her blood I would quench the flame that consumes me.—How lovely she was when I plunged the dagger in her breast! What joy was it to see my rival suppliant at my feet, entreating life, and obtaining death. Do you not hate me?—Man, more ferocious than myself, who hath revealed to thee the secret how to punish me?"

Her tears here began to flow, interrupted with bitter sighs, and she fell senseless into the arms of those who surrounded her. In the mean time the prisoner had not uttered a word. His looks were fixed, his eyes dry, and he appeared neither to observe nor comprehend any thing. By degrees his pitiless enemy recovered her senses: she approached Antoni with more tranquility, and placed herself on his bed, with her back turned towards the body of her rival; and addressing the object of her love, "Antoni," said she, "I will not dissemble my crimes, nor the injuries I have done you: I have deprived you of a mistress you adored, and, by a refinement of cruelty, till now unheard of, have condemned you to die with grief near her sad remains. You detest me:—you ought so to do, I cannot complain; nay, I should despise you if you hated me less. But every thing on earth has its limits; love becomes extinct, and hatred loses its violence. For myself, who have so cruelly offended you, I will put a period to my vengeance. Shall you who have suffered so much, not lay aside your griefs?—Continue to mourn the loss of Zanette.—She lived but to love you—she died because you loved her:—you owe her eternal regrets; but can you mourn her loss no where but in this tomb? Why resist my offers, and refuse to accept the conditions proposed to you?—Do you think it will be more intolerable to live within my arms, than to perish in those of one who no longer lives?—Is it more pleasing to breathe the air of a pestilential cavern, than to enjoy the delights of a palace?—Antoni you have offended me, and I am revenged upon you. You have, in your turn, revenged yourself on me. We are both young, amorous, and Italians: let us pardon a crime which results from circumstances, and perhaps the nature of the climate,

and let a happy marriage restore us, if not to happiness at least to tranquillity."

"Tranquillity," replied Antoni, in mournful accents, "can never be our lot:—remorse will prey upon your heart,—regret will consume mine.—Leave me: I will never accept the hand still reeking with the blood of her I loved, 'Oh my dear Zanette!'" he exclaimed, "I will be faithful to thy shade, and in the arms of Death will I seek a spouse."

Antoni was silent. The lady rose, and said something to those who accompanied her; then addressing the prisoner, she added, "I leave you; your destiny is in your own hands.—In five days you shall see me again; when, if you still disdain Olympia, your scorn shall not remain unpunished."

Antoni cast a look of contempt upon her.—Ricardo walked before with his torch.—I took care to be the last; and seizing the hand of the wretched prisoner, said to him in a low tone of voice,—"In five days you shall be revenged."

I left the Cavern in a manner no less secret and unobserved than I had entered it. I afterwards separated from Olympia and her retinue, who regained their bark; and I passed the rest of the night and the following day in meditating the means of punishing guilt, and avenging innocence.

I began in some measure to unravel this scene of iniquity: what I had beheld afforded some clue to my conjectures. My mind began to comprehend the meaning of the mysterious lines in the library; part of which had been explained by what I had heard from Antoni. Whatever obscurity remained in my mind with respect to this adventure, I knew enough, I knew too much, not to foresee it would terminate in a tragical catastrophe, if I suffered it to remain hidden in the darkness of the Cavern. There was no hope that the heart of Olympia, so long hardened, would at last relent: every thing was to be feared from so infamous a woman to whom guilt was pleasure. On the other hand admitting the possibility of an union between two individuals of such opposite characters, it could only be at the expence of their mutual tranquillity, as well as in violation of every principle of morality. By such an union the in-

nocent Antoni would have been condemned to admit to ~~him~~ bed the murderer of his mistress ; and the guilty Olympia would receive the hand of Antoni as the price of blood for having destroyed her rival. Such a violation of the simple dictates of morality would necessarily excite between them an hatred the more violent, as it would be concealed ; and it was easy to determine what would be the fatal consequences of it. In order, therefore, to prevent the dangers of a refusal on the one hand, and the guilt of such an unnatural marriage on the other, I judged I had but one method to adopt.

The government of Venice has, from time immemo-
rial, resided in the hands of the most illustrious families. To the Nobles alone belong the exercise of the sovereign power, and those officers of state by which it is supported ; but in order to form a counterpoise to an authority which might degenerate into Tyranny, the Legislature has created a tribunal as august as terrible, whose office it is to preserve the balance between its power and aristocracy. This supreme tribunal, which is known by the name of the *Council of Ten*, because it is composed of that number of senators, unites the high function of protecting the Republic against the attempts of ambition, to the no less important one of detecting and punishing guilt.

A religious terror and profound mystery attend the operations of this state inquisition, which, by its omnipotent majesty, equally strikes terror into the noble Doge and the humble citizen. There are none whose thoughts they do not discover, none of whose actions they are ignorant. By means of its faithful agents it obtains information of the most hidden secrets ; it punishes concealed crimes. Its judgements are pronounced in darkness, and its executions are performed in silence, a man who is the object of its vengeance disappears from society as by enchantment, and society is only informed of his crime by hearing of his condemnation.

The Ten never pardon ; but though it is certain they are inflexible, they are not unjust : the blood they shed is always the impure blood which has communicated its corruption to society. It is forbidden, under the most heavy penalties, in any manner to speak of this tribunal : it no less punishes those who praise, than those who speak irre-

verently of it :---its commands enjoin only silence. In a word, terror precedes it, mystery accompanies it, and death stalks in its rear.

It was to this council I resolved to denounce the facts I had witnessed; but they appeared to me of so particular a nature, that instead of adopting the common mode, which consists in throwing the accusation in the mouth of the brazen lions placed at the vestibule of the palace of the Ten, I determined to inform them personally.

In the evening I quitted the Cavern and the Island of Strozzi, resolved to return to it as the deliverer of innocence. But in order to obtain this object in a manner as easy as infallible, I the next day endeavoured to obtain some information respecting Olympia, and after various enquiries made by myself, and through the medium of my friends, the following is what I collected of that extraordinary woman.

Descended from the most illustrious Houses of Venice, and reckoning among her ancestors a long series of Doges and Senators, Signora Olympia Giustiniani received an education suitable to her birth, which early developed her character: a display of brilliant talents and rare attractions accompanied her earliest years, and she was cited as a model of perfection, at an age when others are scarce out of their infancy. It would have been difficult to have found a more beautiful and noble countenance, a more dignified air, or manners more ingenuous, and at the same time more commanding: she possessed the charms of Venus, and the dignity of Juno. At eleven years of age she formed the pride of her family: there was no festival she did not embellish with her presence; no assembly she did not grace with her enchanting talents; whether she sang at the Conservatorio, or danced at the Ridotto, or appeared at the public promenade, she was sure to attract a crowd of admirers, paying homage to her charms. Happy the young senator who obtained the honour of her hand! more happy he whom she distinguished by a look!

It is the custom among the grandees of Venice to place the young Signoras destined to the marriage state, in convents; there for the space of one or two years they are instructed in the duties that sacred obligation imposes.

It appears at first rather singular that young ladies should be immur'd within the solitary cloister, in order to learn how to deport themselves in the marriage state; but the astonishment ceases when you are informed that the wisdom of the senate has banished from the convents those obscure ideas, those mysterious solemnities, those superstitious practices which characterize a religion ill understood, and that in their stead it only tolerates the exercise of a mild beneficent, and enlightened piety.

Olympia was only fourteen years of age when she entered one of those asylums. Her absence left a void in the gaieties of public life, which none other was capable of filling. It seemed that the graces and pleasures had quitted the city to take refuge in the solitude of her who had given them birth.

The festival of St. Mark, the patron and protector of the Republic, arrived; there is no authority, no political institution, which does not celebrate it with pomp; and the convents are not the last among the number. All Venice was soon informed that in the course of this solemnity, Signora Olympia, of the Convent of Santa Trinita, would sing an anthem of her own composition, accompanied on the organ. Great was the concourse of people assembled on the occasion: in two hours the church of the Convent of Santa Trinita was filled, and at five the ceremony commenced.

After the sermon, which was scarce attended to, so great was the impatience to hear the noble songstress, a finely executed prelude on the organ announced her presence: all were silent, and every ear was rivetted with attention. Olympia sweetly touched the keys with her harmonious fingers, and drew forth most enchanting melody; but, when her voice accompanied the sounds of the instrument, it filled the vaulted roofs of the temple with its ravishing harmony. The enthusiasm of the auditors exceeded all bounds; and, forgetting the sacredness of the place, they testified their gratification by loud and repeated plaudits.

At the appointed time the Nuns drew the curtains which concealed them from the eyes of the public, and delighted their eyes with the object that had enchanted their ears. Olympia advanced, full of grace and dignity, and sung,

without any accompaniment, a sacred hymn; but as she proceeded in the divine strain, her voice experienced a sensible alteration,—she was seized with an universal tremor, and was unable to finish. This accident was attributed to her extreme sensibility and the effect of her exertions, but her weakness was to be ascribed to a different cause.

Among the numerous and brilliant youths whose attention she attracted, she remarked a young lord whose eyes were more particularly fixed on her's.

She could not resist the emotion she felt, and it increased as she observed the same eyes constantly riveted on her.—Love, which Olympia was as yet unacquainted with, at this moment took possession of her heart; it penetrated her soul; established its dominion, and reigned tyrant over her: an instant kindled the flames of desire in the young Signora's breast, and the most terrible of passions devoured the soul of her who was destined to become the victim of each of them.

From that time calmness and tranquillity left her; the pleasures derived from the study of the fine arts, and the exercise of her talents, became insipid to her. Wholly abandoned to her passion, and the irresistible impulse of love, Olympia forgot the duty she owed her rank: descending from the dignity of a virtuous lady to the licentiousness of a woman of intrigue, she first solicited the heart of the Cavalier who had conquered her's. He was a young Neapolitan Lord, named Laurentini, adorned with every gift of nature and of fortune, but whose principles were loose, and whose character was unsteady. The declaration of Olympia promised him an agreeable adventure, and the conquest of her heart added one name to the list of his successes; however, as the mind of Olympia was as cultivated as her love was ardent, she failed not to make a deep impression on the heart of Laurentini—She kept him constant for some months by the attraction of her charms, and continued her conquest by the display of her accomplishments.

But at the end of a certain period, while the passion of Olympia increased, that of Laurentini, sated with the delights of love, became less ardent. One day upon a frivolous pretence, he wrote her a farewell letter, and prepared to leave Venice. Olympia for the moment abandon-

ed herself to despair, but recalling all the energies of her soul, she formed the design of retaining by force a lover who had deserted her through treachery.

She had the liberty, whenever she pleased, of going from the convent of Saint Trinita to her father's house. It was in consequence of this privilege she had managed all her interviews with Laurentini. When she had recovered the shock occasioned by her perfidious lover's letter, she repaired to the palace of Giustiniani, and having assembled the senators, her father, and her brothers, discovered her amour to them, and terminated a confession which had irritated them by words that appeased their anger.

"I am to blame," said she, "but it is not impossible for him who has been the cause of my error to repair it. The blood of Laurentini is illustrious, and without disgrace may be allied to mine.—Though you may be ashamed at my weakness, you need not blush at my marriage. This very evening the lover of your daughter may become her noble spouse, and you may embrace a son and a brother in him whom you now regard as an enemy."

The father of Olympia applauded his daughter's plan. She accordingly wrote to Laurentini, and dissembling her thoughts, earnestly intreated him for the last time, to favour her with a visit.—Fearful lest he should not consent to it, she felt composed when her lover returned for answer, he would meet her; and she waited his coming with the utmost tranquillity.

It was usually in a cloister, not far from a little chapel; that these lovers held their place of meeting. Olympia had sworn that this place, which had been the witness of her frailty, should likewise witness her courage, and had determined that where she had received an injury, she should find reparation.

At ten in the evening the family of Giustiniani, accompanied by a chaplain, and conducted by Olympia, repaired to the cloister; they instantly formed their plan: but hearing the hasty steps of some one approaching, they concealed their lighted torches in the chapel.

Olympia loaded her lover with the most bitter reproaches, and at the same time lavished on him the most tender caresses; then pretending she wished to retire from the damp

of the evening, she persuaded him to enter the chapel, and embracing Laurentini, "My life," said she, with a most tender accent, "if you love me, as you have often sworn, why not, ere you leave me, honour me with the sacred title of wife?—If I have granted you the favors, why not accord to me the rights of marriage? Are you wearied of an unhappy girl whose only glory was her love, and who has nothing left but her shame? O God! if Laurentini rejects me, who shall protect me?"

Laurentini protested that at his return, which would soon take place, he would hasten to fulfil the wishes of his mistress as well as his own. "If such is thy intentions," added she, "why not do it immediately?"

Laurentini objected, "That at so late an hour it would be difficult to find a priest to unite them."

"I have provided one," exclaimed Olympia; "you have only to consent, and the priest is ready."

"But what will your father say?" resumed Laurentini.

"I have," added she, "revealed our loves to him, and he consents to our happiness."

The youth made no objection but preserved silence.

On a sudden Olympia made a signal;—torches and arms glittered through the chapel—the family of the Gustiniani surrounded the lovers: Laurentini seized his sword, but was immediately disarmed. The father of Olympia reproached him with the seduction of his daughter;—the whole family repeated his complaints, and assured Laurentini he should not leave the chapel with any other title than that of the husband of Olympia.

Whether the Neapolitan yielded to love or fear, he only recovered from the surprise into which this unexpected scene had plunged him, to present his hand to Olympia. The chaplain advanced to the altar, and began the ceremony; joy brightened the countenance of the family of Gustiniani, but I cannot describe the horrid expression traced on the features of Olympia.

The holy minister having received the solemn engagements of the lovers, pronounced the sacred words which for ever united them, and in the face of Heaven made them one; when Olympia, disengaging her hand from that of

her lover, drew a poniard from beneath her robe, and plunged it in the heart of the unfortunate youth, who uttered a piercing cry, and fell upon the pavement of the sanctuary. "Receive," she exclaimed, in a lofty tone of voice, "receive the reward of thy treasons!—now hasten thee to Naples, and say how a woman, an Italian, and an offended lover can revenge herself.—If thou hadst refused my hand, I should have punished thy perfidy: fear has made thee accept it, and I punish thy cowardice."

No one knew what became of Olympia during the four years that succeeded this dreadful catastrophe. It was supposed she had been secretly disposed of by the authority of the Ten; when, two months after the death of her father, she appeared at Venice more beautiful than ever. As her history had hardly transpired, and but very few were acquainted with it, she was received with general acclamations. She assured every one she had been a long voyage, and she mentioned the distant regions she had traversed: but it is most probable that the high authority of her father had preserved her from the last degree of human punishment, and that she had passed the period of her absence from Venice in the state prison.

Though this adventure had no connection with the present history, yet as it materially tended to elucidate the character of Olympia, I was extremely gratified at having informed myself of it. Furnished with the knowledge of these circumstances, I presented myself at the palace of one of the inquisitors of the state.

Having obtained from Signor Rozzelino (the name of that senator) a private audience, in his cabinet, I entered into a detail of the extraordinary events I had witnessed in the Cavern of Strozzi, without omitting the slightest circumstance: I mentioned to him the accident, or rather the miracle, by which they had been revealed to me; I added to my narrative that of the tragical history of Laurentini, and urged the necessity of promptitude and celerity in the present instance, in order to prevent Olympia sacrificing a second victim.

Rozzelino listened to me with as much gravity as attention. I carefully observed his countenance, but could not perceive that the name or the crimes of Olympia produced the slightest alteration, so difficult is it to de-ve-

lope the real affections of a statesman's soul through the mask with which policy covers his features.

"I return you thanks in the name of the state," said Rozzelino, when I had finished speaking, "for disclosing crimes which militate against its safety; you have preferred to the character of an infamous informer, who acts in the dark and behind the back of the person he accuses, that of a loyal denunciator, who dares the enemy of the laws to meet him face to face in the awful presence of justice.—Depart. Though the Government of the Republic is armed with the necessary terrors, to maintain its authority among the great, and secure the dependence of the people, yet it knows how to esteem virtue, and appreciate good actions.—I shall this instant inform the president of the council, and I promise you an audience this evening. Good magistrates ought not to sleep when guilt is awake, nor repose when it ought to be punished. Be not alarmed at the forms which surround the inquisition: submit to the orders of the guards, who will be with you at eleven in the evening, and follow them with confidence. The sight of the sword of justice may appal the criminal, but cannot terrify the innocent man, whom it is only drawn to protect.

I left Signor Rozzelino, and retired early home. I thought I perceived a man plain in his appearance, but extremely cautious in his manner, following, and studiously endeavouring not to lose sight of me. I was by no means surprised at it; I concluded that after the secrets with which I had entrusted the government, my actions no longer depended on myself, but that the police and its spies had the disposal of them.

The dial pointed to seven minutes after eleven at night, when three knocks were struck against the gate of the hotel in which I lodged, and a command to open it in the name of the Council of Ten, announced to me the arrival of the officers. They were soon at my door, which I opened with silence and respect; they were five in number. The foremost, drawing from beneath his cloak a small ebony rod with an ivory head, gently touched me with it in the name of the Most Serene Republic and dread inquisition, and made a sign for me to follow him.

We descended the staircase without meeting any one: at the bottom a gondola awaited us; we entered it, and in less than a quarter of an hour we landed before the palace of the council: then the chief of the guards placed a bandage before my eyes; and in this manner, preceded by him and surrounded by the rest, I crossed several galleries, and at last found myself in the hall where the inquisitors were sitting.

By the silence which reigned I judged that they had not all met, and that I should only have to answer one person. In fact after a few moments, a mild but sonorous and distinct voice addressed me, and desired me to sit down.

" You were, said the voice, " this morning at the palace of the senator Rozzelino, and entrusted him with the important secret of the crimes you have witnessed. Are you desirous of changing that confidential information into a legal denunciation?"

" Yes, Signor," I answered.

" Then take the oath upon the Holy Evangelists and the crucifix, that whatever you shall say shall be the truth."

" My faith does not allow me to swear upon the image of Jesus; but if you please I will swear upon the Evangelists."

I thought I heard some voices whispering together, and I took the oath, at the same time extending my hand upon the Evangelists.

" Commence your recital," resumed the voice, " and speak sufficiently slow that the secretary may write down the principal circumstances."

I hesitated a moment, in order to collect my ideas, and deliver them with the greater precision; then raising my voice, I repeated what I had stated in the morning to Signor Rozzelino, and which the reader has been informed of.

When I had finished, the voice enquired of the secretary if his transcript of what I had said was finished, and he having answered in the affirmative, began to read it. It

perfectly agreed with my recital: then having asked me if I persisted in my denunciation, and having invited me to sign it, an order was given to take the bandage off my eyes.

The spectacle which at that moment struck my sight had something in it terrible and awful.

The room in which I was seated was spacious, and supported by a range of circular pillars, from the capital of which, to within three feet of the floor, hung a black drapery. Two large chandeliers, suspended by chains from the ceiling, gave glaring and mournful light, which reflected on the countenances of the Inquisitors. At the bottom of the room, under a scarlet canopy, with plumes of black and white feathers over it, was placed a large marble figure of Christ, and beneath it was a long table, covered with a black carpet, round which were seated, upon Gothic chairs, the ten Inquisitors and the Secretary of State, clad in long gowns of black sattin, embroidered with crimson. Several officers and guards stood around them, with their wands in their hands; and I, with a guard on each side of me, was placed upon a seat at a distance from the rest, fronting the crucifix, about ten paces from the table.

The Secretary presented my denunciation to me, which I signed: then the president of the Inquisitors shewing me a volume in folio, and opening the frontispiece, asked me if I recollect it.

I answered that I believed it to be the description of the Cavern of Strozzi, and that it belonged to the Dominicans of the library of St. Mark; then taking from my pocket the card on which I had transcribed the transparent words of the ninth page, and which were repeated on every thirteenth page, I read it to the Council, at the same time entreating it to verify my conjectures. I was admitted to this proof, and obtained the same confirmation as in the first instance.

After several formalities unnecessary to repeat, the Council decreed that within three days at the farthest, three of its members should repair to the island of Strozzi, accompanied by a strong guard, and that I should direct the ex-

pedition. The Council congratulated me on what it was pleased to denominate my *virtuous courage*; and ordered that until the day of justice, I should be kept as an hostage in one of the apartments of its palace, but at the same time treated with every possible degree of respect.

On the morning of the day appointed for proceeding to the island, I was desired to hold myself in readiness to depart at six in the evening. I felt the highest satisfaction, not so much at the approach of the termination of my own captivity, as because it enabled me to contribute towards the deliverance of the unfortunate Antoni, and punish his detestable enemy.

At the appointed hour two guards came to me, and conducted me to a covered bark, in which were three Inquisitors, two of their attendants, and a detachment of soldiers completely armed. The principal Inquisitor, who was Signor Rozzelino, gave his orders, and distributed masks to each of us: after which we rowed off. We were soon in sight of the island, but instead of landing on the side of Venice, where Olympia was to disembark, we doubled the bay, and landed in a small creek to the east. Though the night was very dark, and the reflection of the stars scarce pointed out our road, Signor Rozzelino would not allow us to light torches, but ordered us to observe silence, and proceed without the least noise.

When we arrived near the Cavern, I advised the Inquisitors to place ten guards at the entrance, with orders to stop and secure those who should attempt to force the passage. Having taken this precaution, we entered the Cavern: I pointed out to the Inquisitors the protecting willow which had concealed me while I inspired the prisoner with hope and courage. At length we found ourselves before the entrance to the inner-cavern; I recollect the signal, and struck it with my dagger: the same voice immediately pronounced the watch-word *Treason!* we answered by that of *Vengeance!* (a word under the present circumstances perfectly applicable), and the Cavern was opened to us.

Before we entered I deemed it prudent to secure those who were within; but in order to prevent the effusion of

blood, I had recourse to stratagem, and with a loud voice pronounced the name of Ricardo. The gaoler, who had opened the entrance, repeated it, and the echoes of the subterraneous vault having conveyed it to Ricardo, he forthwith made his appearance. As he held a torch, the light of which reflected on us, and shewed that we were masked, the two gaolers evinced their inquietude, which increased to the highest degree of terror, when having surrounded them, we declared they were our prisoners, and ordered them to point out the dungeon of Antoni.

It was curious to behold these wretches, whose countenances had just before exhibited the features of ferocious boldness, now altered by fear, and presenting the picture of disconcerted guilt. Pale and terrified, they proceeded along the Cavern without uttering a single word; and when they were before the gate of Antoni's dungeon, Ricardo's hands trembled in such a manner that he could scarce turn the key.

At the deplorable aspect of the wretched Antoni, fastened by a chain to an infectious carcase, and agonized with woe, the Inquisitors started back with horror. With difficulty they restrained the violent indignation with which they were transported, and it was not till after some minutes they could recover their calmness and gravity. I addressed the prisoner, and taking off my mask, " You behold," said I, " that my promise has not been made in vain: it is no longer a weak individual who interests himself in your cause—Heaven has referred it to the supreme authority—it is the Republic itself that comes to deliver you."

" Yes," continued Signor Rozzelino, unmasking himself, " you see before you the Council of Ten, represented by three of its members, appointed for the protection of innocence, and the punishment of the guilty; it will this day fulfil its two-fold office:—be free Antoni,—" Olympia shall now wear your chains."

Antoni could not believe either his eyes or ears.—Surprise, doubt, and sorrow were painted on his countenance.—Yielding however to the last of these sentiments, which

more than any other overflowed his heart, he could only express himself by tears and gestures. Now he raised his humid eyes, and his arms oppressed with chains, towards Heaven; and now he pointed to the body of his dear Zanetta. It may be easily conceived none of us could remain insensible to so afflicting a scene; but one of a far different nature was passing without.

Olympia and her escort, after having landed as usual, advanced towards the Cavern; but at the instant they entered it, they were seized and secured. The name of the Inquisition, which had struck her associates dumb, had excited in that high-souled woman every sentiment of fury and every desire of revenge.—Not only her prey had escaped her at the moment she was on the point of devouring it, but she had herself fallen into the power of a dreadful tribunal, with which she was not unacquainted, and from which she could have no hope of mercy.

The guards had been previously ordered to conduct her into the presence of the Inquisitors, in the dungeon of Antoni. They forced her there, foaming with rage: her dreadful shrieks made the Cavern resound; her dishevelled hair stood an end; her bosom heaved; her eyes were inflamed, and nearly started from their sockets; and her whole countenance was hideously distorted.—Like an enraged tigress, she endeavoured to fall upon Antoni, to tear him with her hands, but she was restrained by dint of force:—desparing, she threw herself on the earth, and gave vent to the violence of her rage. In this dreadful state appeared the incomparable beauty, who had been the pride of her family, and the admiration of Venice.

Rozzelino, after having promised Antoni that the remains of Zanetta should be honourably interred, conducted him to the gondola of Olympia. I requested leave to accompany him, which was granted me. We were placed and detained as prisoners, till the result of this affair, in the Castle of Ulchia, in the Gulph of the Adriatic. Olympia, with her accomplices, were sent to the prisons of the Inquisition, and confined in dungeons.

If curiosity in the first place, and compassion afterwards,

were my sentiments with regard to Antoni, an intimate acquaintance with that excellent young man inspired me with others more lasting, and worthy of him. In Antoni was united whatever was calculated to charm: on a countenance peculiarly interesting were traced all the affections of a soul attuned to sensibility:—his eyes, which grief had somewhat impaired, still sparkled with the rays of genius. It was easy to perceive that it was to these gifts of Nature he owed all his misfortunes.—He related them to me, and expressed his gratitude in the most ardent terms; I wished to deserve it, and proffered him my friendship. A sentiment like this, when it has misfortune for its foundation, gives rise to sensations the most delightful: I hope death alone will deprive me of those sweet affections which gave birth to my attachment for Antoni.

Ten days after our entrance into the fortress of Ulchria, the senator Rozzelino visited us. He recommended us to wait with patience a few days longer, while the process against Olympia was preparing. The next day we each received an official citation from the Chancery of the Ten, which required us, within three days, to attend at the bar of the Council. Antoni could not behold the time approach without horror: the idea of having to appear against her who, by tearing Zanetta from him, had deprived him of what was dearer than life, almost bereft him of his senses.

On the morning of the appointed day, the Council delegated one of its officers to attend us; and we were conducted, without any other formalities, to the gallery which communicated with the hall of its deliberations. In a quarter of an hour after we were summoned; and the Council, after having received our homage, desired us to advance to our seats. We seated ourselves; and the only alteration I remarked was, that the figure of Christ was concealed beneath a black veil. With regard to the rest, though it was broad day-light, the place was lighted by the two chandeliers, as it had been when I was before there in the night.

On our right nearly opposite the table, was a recess, the curtain of which the president withdrew, and presen-

ted to our sight the Signora Olympia, seated on a stool, and two guards on each side of her, with drawn swords. At this sight Antoni changed colour; and even I could not restrain my emotion at contemplating the humiliating situation of a woman whom I had before beheld in so cruel and menacing an attitude. The paleness of her countenance was particularly remarkable: one might have judged, by the distorted appearance of her countenance, of the agitation of her soul. She raised her eyes, from time to time, and looked sternly now upon the tribunal, and now upon Antoni; having met mine, the singular expression of all her features at that moment shocked me, and I turned from beholding her with horror and affright.

An officer of the Council having commanded silence, the Chief of the Inquisitors addressed the rest. He traced the motives which had induced the tribunal to prosecute, in so extraordinary a manner, the Signora Giustiniani, a noble Venetian lady, and widow of Signor Carlo Laurentini. He distinctly recapitulated the crimes alledged against her; read the different interrogatories put to her in the course of her examination; all of which she had positively denied; stated that those interrogatories having been unproductive of any satisfactory information, the usual question was to be put to Olympia, after which the two persons at the bar (Antoni and myself) were to be heard.

The same Inquisitor then desired Antoni to retire to an adjoining room; which he having done, and the Council having ordered me to speak, I repeated my denunciation from beginning to end. It would be impossible to describe the impression it made on Olympia: not only her features but her gestures, her whole body, expressed the sentiments of her soul:—inquietude, anxiety, grief, surprise, passion, fury, rage, and despair were successively painted throughout her whole frame; but I had scarce closed two thirds of my recital, when a settled composure chased from her countenance the clouds which had obscured it.

I finished.—Olympia was asked if she had any thing to answer. "I shall answer," said she, "when Signor Antoni is called: it is in the presence of both I shall explain myself."

Antoni was called—He was pale and dejected. The sight of him doubtless awakened in the soul of Olympia the most tender regrets; for I observed her eyes stream with tears.

I went out in my turn; and after ten minutes, during which I walked alone in a spacious Gothic hall, adorned with portraits of the Doges, I reflected upon the singularity of so uncommon an adventure, in which I formed so distinguished a part. I was then called in.

Leave was given to Olympia to speak, who thus addressed the tribunal:—"If," said she, "there existed no other means of hearing the truth from me than the dread of your tortures, you should ever remain ignorant. I know how to die, but I know not how to deceive; and while I can save an innocent victim, I would not perish as a condemned criminal. A sentiment stronger than that of my own reputation at this moment animates me; that sentiment, which I have before experienced, but which I believed to be extinct in my breast, impels me to disguise nothing from you. Antoni, this moment is a joyful one for you; but you would be unworthy of your triumph if you could applaud yourself for it. You were my victim:—contemplate me now; you have nothing to reproach me with. It is not to the august assembly of the Ten I need recal the first adventure which conducted me before it. If, when I presented to its view the effect of those passions which swayed me, it had manifested its justice rather than its clemency, the just punishment I should have then experienced would have preserved my soul from the weight of additional guilt, my hands from a second murder, and your ears, from the painful recital of it.—May the horror with which it has inspired you, and the pain you felt at beholding the effects of my rage, expiate your culpable indulgence, and induce you to remember that it is not less dangerous to pardon a criminal, than atrocious to punish an innocent person!"

"It was in this same hall, before these same senators, I appeared covered with human blood. The tears of a father whom you revered, washed the murderous stains from before your eyes.—From your mouths, accustomed to pra-

nounce the severest decrees, I heard the sweet assurance of mercy: instead of condemning me to the scaffold, you sent me to the groves of Peschia; doubtless, that, by contemplating the beauties of nature, my soul might be purified.—The opinion of some was, that a secret execution should cut short my days; others wished to prolong it in close confinement. My family spread the report that I was gone abroad, and from motives of partiality towards my father and myself, Laurentini's death remained unrevenged.

" Though the tribunal had absolved me, my conscience had not. The blood stained shade of a lover, murdered by my hands, was incessantly before me. Remorse, like a devouring vulture, gnawed my heart.—Oh! if it were known what pain and torment attend guilt, the world would practise virtue from motives of choice and self-interest.

" More than two years had expired, during which time I had been confined within the precincts of the Castle of Peschia, wearied with grief and remorse. The effervescence of a warm climate increased that disposition I had received from Nature, and perhaps the worst of my torments was, that I was obliged to restrain those fires which consumed me. Often, while indulging my ardent reveries among the shady groves, I perceived a shepherd, seated under the shade of a beech tree, with a young village maiden. The sight filled my heart with sorrow, and my eyes with tears. I wandered alone through the thick groves, reflecting that if my cruel hand had spared my lover, I might have tasted the same pleasures as these shepherds.

" It was about this period when an old woman, who furnished the Castle with cream and cheese, requested my permission to present her niece to me, whom she intended should succeed to her business: I willingly consented; and one morning as I sat at my toilet, I saw the good Genova, followed by a young country lass, whom she told me was her relation, and begged to recommend her to my protection.—' She is a poor orphan,' said she, ' who has nothing to depend upon but her innocence and your kindness, Signora.' —I promised it to her, and the young person said she would do all in her power to merit it.

“ If I was struck with the uncommon beauty, the decent, yet noble air, and the captivating graces of the niece of Genova, I was still more surprised when some days after I conversed with her: she not only expressed herself in the most polished and elegant language, but the subjects on which she spoke, evinced an understanding far above the vulgar.

“ One time in particular, when I was contemplating her, whilst with her delicate fingers she was pressing the teats of a cow, and was filling a large bowl with milk not more white than her own bosom, on a sudden she started from her work, and attentively examined the milk. By the suffusion which covered her countenance, I perceived she was agitated by a secret emotion. I asked her to give — *Ed* she exclaimed, ‘ if this animal is not speedily relieved, in an hour or two at farthest she must die.’ — This was not the time to enquire further; but when, by a decoction of balsamic herbs, which she herself culled, she had stopped the progress of the disorder she had observed, I asked her what symptoms had discovered it to her? She answered ‘ That it was the livid colour and mottled streaks in the milk.’ — Pursuing afterwards this proposition, she entered into a chemical analysis of the nature, qualities, and properties of that liquor, the causes that might alter it, and the inductions to be drawn by that means relative to the health of the animal that had produced it.

“ My astonishment and admiration increased at hearing such scientific observations from one whom I should have supposed only capable of speaking the rustic idiom of her native village. ‘ Explain,’ said I, ‘ by what miracle you possess such information.—If Genova had not assured me you were her niece, I should have thought you a divinity disguised in sylvan habits:—your appearance and your knowledge would justify such an opinion.

‘ It is doubtless,’ she replied, ‘ to your partiality I am indebted for the favourable comparison you have made between the little knowledge I possess, and the extreme ignorance you have observed throughout this part of the country. Like them, Signora, I am but a plain country girl, but I have had the happiness to find in the *forer* who has gained my affections, a man of sense, who has instructed

ed me.—It is to his lessons I am indebted for what knowledge I possess, as it is to his tenderness I owe the happiness I enjoy.'

" This frank confession made me desirous of learning further details. Zanetta (for I need not conceal her name) answered me without reserve; and the following is the substance of what I learned from her. She thus addressed me :—

" The venerable Chrysostome, Curate of Peschia, is an old man, equally pious and benevolent: his whole life is divided between the service of the altar, and the relief of the wretched. Incapable himself of those frailties which dishonour human nature, yet is he compassionate to those of others: he is indulgent to his fellow-creatures as severe to himself. He regards the peasantry, whose spiritual minister he is, as his own family, and on all occasions shares his slender patrimony with them. In short, he possesses every virtue that can adorn a priest, without those defects which degrade the man. I should not think it necessary to describe his character to you, if it were not to convince you how worthy he is of that confidence which the first Lords of Italy reposed in him.

" One day a splendid carriage, drawn by a set of beautiful horses, and accompanied by a numerous and superb retinue, stopped at the parsonage-house of Peschia. A young man got out, whose countenance more distinguished him than the richness of his apparel, and proved him to be a Nobleman of the first rank. Having introduced himself to Signor Chrysostome, he remained with him above two hours; after which he returned to his carriage, and took the road to Venice, having previously bestowed on the good Curate every testimony of esteem and friendship. I have since learned what passed at this interview, and will inform you.

" At one of those assemblies which have rendered the Carnival of Venice so famous and attractive, the young Lorenzi, the only son of Prince Fiducci Cornaro, and last of one of the most noble families of the Republic, became enamoured of a young and beautiful girl, of the province of Bergama. The charms of her features and the graces of her manners were characteristic of the endowments of

her mind. Lorenzi, who knew not before what love was, now felt that passion in its utmost excess.—His mistress did not discourage his addresses ; she allowed him to hope, and when she left him, consented to encourage his future attentions.

‘ The young lover delayed not to profit by her concession ; but he found that Fortune had not been so favourable as Nature to the idol of his heart. Florina (for so she was called) was the daughter of a tradesman of Bergama, who through the recommendation of one of the officers of the Senate of Venice, had obtained a situation under that Assembly, and had been dead about five years.—His widow had retired to the country, and lived upon the produce of her labour, which consisted in making silk-en fillets, with which most of the Italians confine their hair, in the same manner as the Spaniards of Andalusia. Florina assisted her mother. She seldom went out—saw no one, but lived a modest and recluse life. Once a year, in Carnival time, her mother took her to the Ridotto ; but, as her age and infirmities did not allow her to mix in the diversions, she entrusted her daughter to one of the inferior conductors of the festival, with whom she was acquainted.

‘ It was thus she became acquainted with Lorenzi. Her young and inexperienced heart beat in unison with the one she had captivated : a second interview completed her defeat.

‘ From that time an intimate, though imprudent and disproportioned, connection was formed between them, which was the source of many a bitter regret. Lorenzi and Florina, abandoned to an anorous passion, doubted not but it would be crowned by marriage ; the vanity of the mother was flattered at seeing her daughter the mistress of a grandee, and she secretly hoped she should soon call him her son-in-law.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Age 129

THE APPARITION.

"**I**N the vicinity of Chambery, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentlemen, by name Barbarosse, came to the Chateau on a visit for a few days: he was cordially received, being of a pleasing, lively disposition; and an elegant room in the East wing was prepared for his accommodation.

" The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeable, and after supper they sat round a comfortable large fire, and diverted themselves with songs and stories: the former, as is generally the case, were some of the sprightly, some of the tender and pathetic kind; but the latter were for the most part of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to *præternatural* occurrences. The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room, on the first floor, having three doors; two of those belonged to two little closets, one on the right that overlooked a farm yard; and another more to the left, that presented a view through the window of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited this room in the morning, and looked out of the windows to enjoy the prospect for a great while.

" As he entered this apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he set his candle down upon the table and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it to prevent accidents; a large elbow chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy he sat down reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavoured to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; and in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity.

Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents, the heavy watch-bell tolled two; but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplation. He was suddenly awakened from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound issuing from the closet on the right hand; and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the floor at short intervals.

" Alarmed at the circumstance, he walked slowly to his bed side, and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he carefully placed upon the table, and resumed the elbow chair. All was again still as death; and nought but the winds, which whistled round the watch-tower and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

" Barbarosse looked towards the closet, which he then, and not till then, observed was not shut, but found that it hung upon the door, and a sudden gale of wind forced it wide open: the light blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct.

" Barbarosse arose, put in a silent hasty ejaculation of prayer, and sat down again; again he heard the noise! He started up, seized the pistols, and stood motionless; whilst large cold drops of dew hung upon his face. Still his heart continued firm, and he grew more composed, when the rustling and taps were rendered louder. Barbarosse desperately invoked the protection of Heaven, cocked one of the pistols, and was about to rush into the dubious apartment; when the noise increased, and louder: a loud peal of thunder, that seemed to rend theament, shook violently the solid battlements of the watch-tower, the deep toned-bell tolled three, and its hollow sound long vibrated on the ear of Barbarosse with fainter and fainter murmurs; when a tremendous cry thrilled him with terror and dismay; and, lo! the long dreaded spectre stalked into the middle of the room; and Barbarosse, overcome with surprise and astonishment at the unexpected apparition, sunk down convulsed in his chair.

" The phantom was armed *de cap en pied*, and clad in a black garment. On his crest a black plume waved mad-

jestically, and instead of a glove or any other sort of lady's favour, he wore a blood-red token. He bore no weapon of offence in his hand, but a gloomy shield made of the feathers of some kind of bird was cast over each shoulder. He was booted and spurred; and looking upon Barbarosse with ardent eyes, raised his feathery arms, and struck them vehemently against his sides, making at the same time the most vociferous noise!

"Then it was that Barbarosse found, that he had not shut down the window in the morning; from which neglect it happened, that a **BLACK GAME-COCK** had flown into the closet, and created all this inexpressible confusion."

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

TALE.

(Concluded from page 12.)

SURPRISE, gratitude, and love, nearly overpowered the trembling frame of Eliza on this discovery, and created emotions in her mind that elude the impotence of words. In vain she endeavoured to recall the animation of her deliverer, every effort was fruitless, and she could only press his hand and mourn over him in silence. A storm that had been gathering over her head, now began to vent itself on the earth, and happily effected what her tender assiduities had failed in. Steinfort, on coming to himself, and finding the lady, whom he had attempted to release, kneeling by his side, and anxiously waiting his recovery, felt a pleasure that amply repaid him for any injuries he had sustained. The darkness that now reigned around, at once precluded the possibility of his knowing Eliza, or perceiving her embarrassment. He arose, and politely taking her hand, expressed his happiness on finding her safe, and hoped she had not suffered from the hands of the Russians. She thanked him in tones modu-

lated by her feelings, which never fail in addressing themselves to the heart, and which are the best recompence a feeling mind can receive. She briefly informed him of her entanglement in the wood, and of the part of the country from which she came; but expressed some concern on his account, and hoped, in return, that his generous exertions in her behalf had not been at the expence of any personal injury. He laughed her apprehensions away in a vein of pleasantry, and conducted her into a spacious walk into the interior of the wood.

Meanwhile the storm considerably increasing, they found themselves under the necessity of taking shelter under the largest of the trees. Having secured themselves from the rage of the elements, a pause of some minutes elapsed, during which Eliza was agitated by various emotions. The idea of making herself known to Steinfort, was attended by a train of unpleasant circumstances; yet the singular services he had afforded her, rendered disingenuousness still more disagreeable. Steinfort at length interrupted her meditations, by expressing a desire to know more of the person to whom he had been so fortunate in rendering himself serviceable. "Alas!" replied Eliza, "I am an unfortunate being, whom any further acquaintance with would lead you only into new troubles." As the varied landscape assumes its wonted beauty, when lighted up by the morning sun, so are the social feelings of a sensible mind kindled at the touch of sorrow. A lady in distress, at any time was sufficient to make a hero of Steinfort; but when oppressed with grief, she awakened the finest touches of his nature. Though this complaint repressed his officiousness, it increased his desire for a further indulgence, and, in the most respectful solicitations, he begged her to let him know in what manner he could be serviceable to her, which she answered only by entreating him to desist; "Yet," added she, "a person from whom I have received such singular favours, I cannot object to consulting as a friend. Tell me," continued she, "how I am to avoid judging wrongly of characters known only by public opinion." "For myself," replied Steinfort, "I should suppose we ought not to judge *at all* decidedly, till enabled by a familiar acquaintance, and after-

wards be directed by *that* acquaintance alone; but society is a whirlpool of error, in which, by imperceptible degrees, we accede to the centre; few have sufficient courage of mind to oppose the current, but, after a faint resistance, submit to be whirled away with the rest. I am a very recluse," continued he, "shut out from the world; the dumb beast alone is my companion, he blabs not my secrets, he perverts not my actions, he deserves well of my confidence." "And is there no selfishness in the resolve?" replied Eliza. "Ought those characters that are best capacitated to rectify the judgment and direct the opinions of the world to be removed from the post in which they can be most effectually serviceable? Does not this, likewise, in some measure, imply a want of courage? Is it not making sacrifices of pleasures deemed unworthy our acceptance, and is not religion, which was intended as a mansion of pleasure, converted into a shelter from pain? Steinfort was struck with the propriety of her remarks, and every moment became more interested in her welfare. "I will not attempt my justification, madam," replied he, "I have been hurried away by my feelings, and peculiar circumstances." He then enquired if she had ever resided at S——. She replied in the affirmative. A variety of questions crowded upon his mind. "No doubt you have heard of such a person as Miss Dalton?" added he. "I know her well," answered Eliza. His agitation became extreme. "Madam," continued he, in an elevated voice, "you have it in your power to determine much in respect to the bent of my future life; and I doubt not but you will deal with me candidly. Is Miss Dalton that capricious slave of vicious fashions, that the world pictures her, or the just and meritorious friend of virtue?" "I hope she lives but to be the latter," replied Eliza. "Thank heaven, I have done her justice!" exclaimed Steinfort, "vice must deform the finest set of features. One question more, madam," continued he, "and I will trouble you no farther. Have you reasons to suppose that her affections are engaged?" "Irrevoçably so," answered Eliza. The answer was abrupt, but immediately to the point, and he was evidently affected with it. "'Tis enough," exclaimed he, "we have all our weaknesses—you, madam, have discovered mine; and forgive me, if for a moment I

have forgotten your sorrows in my own." Eliza became every moment more embarrassed; repeatedly did she attempt to declare herself, and as repeatedly did her resolution fail her. At length the storm having subsided, the silver moon, which had before revealed the features of Steinfort, revealed those of Eliza in return!

Pleasure winged away the first moments of surprize with Steinfort on this discovery, but recollection soon gave his thoughts a different direction. He found that Eliza was unfortunate—in love; and, perhaps, like himself, without hope. He summoned his resolution, and after awkwardly expressing his happiness and surprize at so unexpected a pleasure, he requested her to forget there was ever such a person as Steinfort, or permit him to devote the remainder of his life to her service. Eliza was silent. He begged the liberty of conducting her home—she gave him her hand, and they walked silently forward. Every moment's reflection served but the more to convince Steinfort of the loss he sustained in Eliza. Never did he stand more in need of words, and never was he so totally deprived of them. He wished not officiously to solicit, nor ungenerously to extort from her those sorrows which would occasion more pain in the recital than the concealment. They approached the gates of Eliza's residence, and Steinfort at length recalled his wandering intellects. He observed that they both had fortuitously become acquainted with each other's misfortunes; that she had learnt who was the prime object of his love, and chief cause of his retirement; that he would not, by an untimely officiousness, question her in respect to those untoward circumstances that had attended their acquaintance; but that all he had left to hope was from her lenity in answering him one question, and he would never more trouble her with his presence. She signified her assent. "Who then, madam," asked he, "is that highly favoured son of mortality, reserved for that enjoyment which my utmost presumption has scarce dared to glance at?" "Do you wish him any harm?" enquired Eliza. "I wish him every happiness of which human nature is susceptible," replied Steinfort, "while he acts worthy of you; but when he

ceases to do this, may the lightnings of heaven pursue him!" "Sir," rejoined Eliza, "I cannot excuse myself for having dealt disingenuously with you, and trifled with your exalted character. You have snatched me from the brink of the most exquisite wretchedness—you have deserved more frank and generous treatment. But I will answer your question faithfully," continued she, while her cheek reflected a more rosy beam, "for I am not ashamed to own that the name of him who best deserves, and alone possesses my heart, is—Steinfort." Bidding him call on her on the morrow, without giving him time to answer, she then entered an avenue of trees, and immediately disappeared!

Glowing with admiration, and dazzled by such an unexpected prospect of bliss, Steinfort continued for awhile motionless with surprize; then turning his eyes from the spot where she had disappeared, and echoing her words, he bent his steps homewards with a head full of happiness, and a heart that beat as light as the thought.

The sun arose in his wonted beauty the next morning to the eyes of STEINFORT, who awoke to a renewed prospect of life and happiness, which though shaded by a few difficulties, imparted more lively pleasures than it is in the power of sullen and retired philosophy to bestow. He arose and adjusted his dress more to the taste of the world, and threw off the rough and uncourtly manners of the philosopher for the more gentle and respectful demeanour of the lover. His rural host and hostess, with whom he resided, were rather surprised at this alteration in his appearance, but as their enquiries had been checked, they presumed not to ask any questions. They knew nothing of his circumstances, and were seldom troubled with his company, except when he was induced to make some idle experiment, or in his moments of relaxation he amused them with his eccentricities.

Having loitered about with impatience till the former part of the morning had passed away, he departed to visit his ELIZA. The sun shone delightfully on the surrounding landscape as he walked along, the plumed musicians of the air carolled their sweetest notes, and all nature seemed to breathe forth a harmony well suited to the soft

emotions of his soul. On his arrival he was introduced into a parlour, where he found ELIZA setting alone. She received him with a familiar ease, unaccompanied with any other confusion, save what tinted her cheek.

After a few general comments and explanations relative to past events, they touched upon more interesting topics, and STEINFORT was not a little gratified at finding in the person he loved a mind congenial with his own, that could accompany him in the flights of fancy, and the wanderings of imagination.

The time flew swiftly away, and nothing remained to damp the happiness of our lovers but the opposition of friends. They had to encounter and subdue the pertinacity of a prejudiced father, and to brave the taunts of a censorious world; a task, however difficult to perform for an individual lopped off from society, without any one to love or trust, is still more difficult to undertake with fortitude, when we see those we love subjected to the same calamity; and though we have the additional pleasure of mutual consolation, we have likewise the additional pain of seeing each other suffer, from the same cause, with the same despair of redress. These ideas served but to strengthen the cord that bound them together, and they separated with desires sanctioned by virtue, and hopes, that could not easily be depressed.

STEINFORT daily continued his visits, and every evening returned with brighter prospects of happiness barred with new difficulties of access. A week being elapsed in removing obstructions and obviating objections, without any decisive measures being adopted, they met to determine on some mode of conduct, and agree either to act independent of friends, or forego each other's company till circumstances were more favourable to their union. Clandestine means were canvassed, and dismissed with this remark; "that, though they sometimes conferred security, they did not infallibly secure happiness; for those who adopted them, must ever offend the judicious and experienced part of mankind, the good opinion of which is so necessary to public approbation, and public approbation best consolidates private enjoyment." "Well,"

observed ELIZA, as she tendered STEINFORT her hand, "this the world may prevent me making a present of for a time, but shall never prevail upon me to give it to another." STEINFORT pressed it to his lips. At that instant the parlour door opened, and Mr. Dalton appeared. STEINFORT felt a little confused at first at this singular intrusion; but, unconscious of any impropriety, he avoided, by any awkward evasions, to create the appearance of one. ELIZA, when she saw her father, shrunk for a moment from herself, and as she expected to encounter offended honour on his brow, and every feature alive with revenge, was not a little surprized, when, after gazing on them for a moment with doubtful surprize, he familiarly stepped forward, and shaking hands with STEINFORT, hoped he found him well.

An appearance so unexpected, and conduct so mysterious, filled them both with astonishment, and was mistaken at first for some low cunning of insult. Mr. Dalton soon undeceived them, by making suitable concessions to STEINFORT for the injury he had done his character, and briefly informing him that his seclusion from the world had given rise to an inquiry into his character and circumstances; and it too plainly appeared that his actions had been aggravated, and the pursuits of virtue tortured into those of vice. He likewise informed him, that having heard from his friends of the amendment of his daughter's health, he had been induced to fetch her home to assist him in concerting measures to seek out his retirement, and make him what reparation was left in his power. That on his arrival, he was informed of the perilous situation from which his daughter had been snatched by the signal bravery and interposition of a young man, who was then with her in the parlour; and that thus he had without any apology, intruded upon them, but expected not to find in the deliverer of his daughter, one whom he had given sufficient provocation to convert into the deadliest foe. STEINFORT and ELIZA heard his narrative with looks expressive of the satisfaction they felt; and after a moment's pause, STEINFORT observed, "that as a link in the chain of mortality, and subject with his fellow beings to all the terrors and weaknesses of humanity, he

had no just claims to distinction from the rest of mankind; that when extenuation was the business of the world, after its revenge had been glutted, and the object of its displeasure removed, virtue was magnified in its turn as much as vice had been, and applause was as frequently injudiciously bestowed as censure." "Well, well," replied Mr. Dalton, that may be as you please, but you shall not moralize me out of the notion that I am under great obligations to you, and therefore I hope you will consider of some method by which I may repay them." "On this supposition that you are obliged to me," answered STEINFORT, "I know but of one favour you can grant me, in the refusal of which you deny me every thing I desire, but in conferring it, you give me every thing I want; and that is," continued he, "the hand of this lady," taking hold of ELIZA. "How now," retorted Mr. Dalton, "you are contriving to get me deeper in debt, by taking the trouble off my hands of seeking her a suitable husband; but since you are resolv'd to be generous, I will not be left behind; therefore if you have her, it must be only on this condition, that you permit me to entail upon her a fortune of 5000l." His ready consent, together with his generosity, rather surprized STEINFORT; but it is often observed, that those who are warm and hasty in their resentments, are, on conviction of having done wrong, equally zealous, and eager to make all possible amends. STEINFORT paying him a compliment on his liberality, observed, that as proposals of that nature were so seldom rejected, he would not be so affectedly singular as to hesitate on the conditions, "Well then," said Mr. Dalton, taking hold of ELIZA's hand, and attempting to give it to STEINFORT, "—" "Hold," cried ELIZA, "is my consent then entirely out of the question?"—"Your eyes have told me you have not been an indifferent spectator," replied Mr. Dalton—ELIZA reddened—"Nay, those cheeks confirm it," added he, "colouring as it were for the frailty of your eyes; come, come, he who was brave enough to oppose individual force against such odds, to rescue you, is no common hero, and will make no common husband." "You are convinced then," replied ELIZA, "that he is not in-

fallibly a coward, who refuses to countenance the practice of duelling." "I am convinced," replied Mr. Dalton, "that he is the greatest hero who has courage to do right; therefore I hope you will permit me to present your hand to STEINFORT?" "Suppose I object," observed ELIZA, "Do you object?" asked Mr. Dalton. "Yes!" answered ELIZA. "Your reason," continued he. "That I may have the pleasure of presenting it to him myself," added ELIZA, giving her hand to STEINFORT. Mr. Dalton, laughing, observed, "that he hoped her philosophical lover would teach her something of *gravity*." STEINFORT observed, that he had no claim to the title of philosopher. "What but philosophy has enabled you to endure the evils of life with patience?" asked Mr. Dalton. "That I am afraid has not been the case," replied STEINFORT; but I have a still more difficult task before me," continued he, "to enjoy the pleasures of life with *temperance*."

The evening was spent in a reciprocation of civilities, and after some entreaty on the side of Mr. Dalton, and solicitation on STEINFORT, the nuptials were agreed to be solemnized on the approaching Sabbath, at the house of Mr. Dalton. Having spent the remaining part of the week among their friends in the country, a coach was procured early on Sunday morning, that bore them away to the altar of connubial felicity!

CIVIS.

ON THE
FOLLY OF BEING ASHAMED

OF

RETRACTING OUR MISTAKES.

Seize upon truth where'er tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground;
The flower's divine, where'er it grows.

TO persist in defending a sentiment which we are convinced is erroneous, merely because we have once been

so unfortunate as to receive it for a truth, b^gurs a great degree of self-conceit and weakness of mind, and cannot fail of being attended with very pernicious consequences; by such a conduct we wilfully shut out the light of truth from our minds, and yield ourselves the voluntary slaves of ignorance and error.

There cannot be a more effectual bar to any one's improvement, than an obstinate resolution of adhering to every sentiment which they have once adopted: on such persons the most convincing arguments lose their force—to what pitiful resources do we often find them driven in order to support the silly vaunt of *never having changed their opinions*. The imaginary disgrace of retracting a mistaken sentiment operates more powerfully upon their minds, than the love of truth; every attempt to emancipate them from the shackles of prejudice and error is looked upon as an insult to their understanding, and the person who has ventured on so kind an undertaking will probably be considered as their greatest enemy.

Amongst the various errors incident to human nature, that of thinking ourselves *infallible* appears to be one of the most pernicious; and the reason is obvious, because of its manifest tendency to shield and protect us from all others. Wherever this odious principle gains the ascendant, it raises a mist about the mind, through which the brightest rays of truth can never penetrate. It is to this supposititious infallibility that some of the most unamiable dispositions of our nature owe their existence; to this unhappy source may be traced that haughty domineering arrogance, and that supercilious contempt for the opinions of others, which throw an odium on the characters of those who cherish dispositions so inimical to the happiness of society: to the same cause may be ascribed that spirit of intolerance and persecution which has been the fruitful parent of crimes and miseries too horrible to relate.

When we reflect on the uncertainty and imperfection to which we are subjected by the inevitable law of our nature—the long and laborious efforts which are in many cases necessary for the discovery of important truth, together with the incessant fluctuations which are taking

place in the opinions of mankind upon almost every subject; can we vainly flatter ourselves that *we* alone are exempted from the general lot of humanity? that we alone have enjoyed the peculiar felicity of forming correct sentiments upon every subject which has fallen within the sphere of our observation? The supposition must surely confound us with its absurdity. Such considerations should teach us to repress a spirit of harshness and acrimony towards the sentiments of others, and dispose us to listen with moderation and candour to whatever arguments can be urged in behalf of systems or opinions the very reverse of those which we have adopted.

Scanty and imperfect will be our information on many interesting points, even after the utmost diligence of which we are capable. Our limited capacities admit not those superior degrees of knowledge which are requisite for the entire exclusion of error; we can form but a very superficial acquaintance even with many of those subjects which have occupied our chief attention; after our most laborious researches, many doubts will still remain to perplex our minds, and the mists of obscurity will still dim the intellectual sight; dark and imperfect conjecture must often supply the place of more satisfactory information. Amidst so much imperfection and uncertainty, it must surely become us to be more sparing of our censures on those who differ from us even in points which we may deem of the greatest importance; it must behove us to be candid and diffident in maintaining our own opinions, and ready at all times to relinquish them in obedience to the voice of truth and integrity.

Truth is a jewel of inestimable value, not to be attained by the lazy efforts of indolence, or by the self-conceited bigot, who, presuming on the superiority of his discernment, condemns as impious, or pronounces as ridiculous, every sentiment which does not exactly coincide with his own; by persons of this disposition the voice of truth is seldom heard; she delights to fly from such characters, and reveals herself to the candid, modest enquirer, who seeks her with diligence and impartiality!

The harshness and asperity with which controversies are too frequently conducted, plainly prove that the love

of truth is not always the predominant motive; each resolved at all events to maintain his own opinions, determined not to recede a tittle from what he has once advanced, it is no wonder that reviling and opprobrious language is often substituted in the room of solid argument. This is particularly observable where the *interest* of either of the disputants is connected with the sentiments he endeavours to defend; to what a variety of expedients will persons thus circumstanced have recourse, in order to obscure the lustre of truth, and weaken the force of the most conclusive arguments; unable to confute their opponents by the fair methods of reasoning, their only refuge is in the arts of sophistry and evasion; or when these fail them, in furious language, and the most shameful scurrility.

In all our researches after truth, if we would hope for any degree of success, we must lay aside those two great perverters of the human understanding, *interest* and *prejudice*; while we are under the influence of either of these principles, the judgment will be biassed, and every object viewed through such an unhappy medium will appear distorted; thus the human mind is deprived of its native energy and voluntarily fettered in chains of its own forging; its noblest powers are weakened and debased, and the obscurity which is unavoidably attached to the present scene of things is rendered still more impenetrable by our own folly and perverseness.

PETER THE THIRD OF CASTILE.

ACANON of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dress, and particularly in his shoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes not made to please his taste, the canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows upon the head as laid him dead upon the floor. The unhappy man left a

widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year*. The young shoemaker having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood, and overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession at the door of the cathedral of Seville in the moment the procession was passing by. Amongst the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards with more reason call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge, and after having learnt the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy, and after asking the young man what profession he was:—*I forbid you, said he, to make shoes for a year to come.*

THE ARTIFICE.

ALADY going to her chamber at Paris, perceived the legs of a man under her bed. Dissembling her terror, she exclaimed, "I have forgot to call at such a shop," and, going out of the room, locked the door, and went in search of a police officer.

The robber, finding himself in this dilemma, bethought him of a stratagem. He undressed himself and got into bed, when the lady returned with the Judge de Paix. As they approached the bed, a voice within exclaimed, "What is the meaning of all this?"—"I want you," said the justice. "O! I see the lady does not chuse to let me sleep any more with her," cried the thief—"I am very sorry if

is not agreeable, and I shall go about my business." So saying, he dressed himself and marched off.

The lady vehemently protested against his being permitted to escape, but the magistrate told her it could not be otherwise; "For, by the law," said he, "a thief is never presumed to be a thief, while women are well known to be fickle and inconstant."

◆◆◆◆◆

African Ideas of Personal Beauty.

◆◆◆◆◆

WHEN Mr. Park was at Boudon, in Africa, the King of the country, sitting on a mat, with two of his attendants, having conversed some time with him, and received his presents, observed, that his women were desirous of seeing the *white man*, and requested that he would favour them with a visit. "An attendant," says Mr. P. "was then ordered to conduct me; and I had no sooner entered the Court appropriated to the Ladies, than the whole seraglio surrounded me, some begging for physic, some for amber, and all of them desirous of trying that great African specific, *blood-letting*. They were ten or twelve in number; most of them young and handsome, and wearing in their heads ornaments of gold, and beads of amber. They rallied me with a good deal of gaiety on different subjects; particularly upon the *whiteness of my skin*, and the *prominency of my nose*. They insisted that both were artificial! The first, they said, was produced, when I was an infant, by *dipping me in milk*; and they insisted that my nose had been *pinched every day*, till it had acquired its present *unightly and unnatural conformation*.—On my part, without disputing my own deformity, I paid them many compliments on African beauty. I praised the *glossy jet* of their skins, and the *lovely depression* of their noses; but they said, that the *flattery*, or (as they emphatically termed it) *honey-mouth*, was not esteemed in Boudon.—In return, however, for my company, or my compliments, to which, by the way, they seemed not so insensible as they affected to be, they presented me with a jar of honey and some fish, which were sent to me in my lodging, and I was desired to revisit the King in the evening."

Song,

FORGET ME NOT.



*Forget me not, should Mirth allow thee leisure,
To think on me, while cares my Breast destroy ;
Forget me not, should Sorrow damp thy pleasure !
And rouse thy troubl'd soul from golden dreams of joy :
And should the love of change prefer unmeaning folly
To faith that ne'er deceiv'd and pleasing melancholy,
My eyes shall speak in tears that trickle for thy lot,
Forget me not, forget me not, forget me not.*

*Forget me not, tho' heedless of my anguish,
Fortune should tear thee from my arms,
While months and years condemn'd in vain to languish,
My tongue repeats thy name, my mind recalls thy
Ah consecrate to me some fleeting hour, (charms.
For time and distance yield to friendship's magic pow'r ;
My heart will cry to thine, whate'er may be my lot,
Forget me not ! Forget me not.*

*Forget me not, tho' the dull earth should cover
This heart which beat so faithfully for thee ;
The spotless soul around thee then shall hover,
Tho' weak and erring now, yet then from error free.
Think then 'tis I, whene'er a ray of hope revealing,
A spirit to thy soul inspires a tender feelin^w
'Tis I who whisper then, still anxious for y^u ^{nt.}
Forget me not ! Forget me not.*

POETRY.

FOR THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THE SUMMER FADES.

I SEE the tints of Summer fade,
 And see them fade without a sigh ;
 For dear to me is Autumn's glade,
 And dearer still her ev'ning-sky.

Forth when the splendours of the day
 No longer sate the gazing mind,
 I wander where from lonely spray
 The last note lingers on the wind.
 And sweet it is, through coppice near,
 To catch the sun's departing gleam,
 While every breeze to fancy's ear,
 Convey's a soft celestial theme.

Oh, at such hour! when tumult wild
 Disturbs no more the tranquil frame ;
 When ev'ry thought, of earth beguil'd,
 Feels all of passion but the name ;
 Oft with Myrtilla have I trod
 The scene to contemplation giv'n,
 And as we press'd the dew bright sod,
 Look'd upwards to a brighter heav'n !
 The mild moon dwelling on her cheek,
 Seem'd with her breast to sympathize,
 And language more than earth could speak,
 Shone in her soft retiring eyes.

And will these hours return no more?
And are those days for ever past?
They are—but Autumn can restore
Such scenes of bliss, as, while they last,

May bid remembrance cease to tell
Of what we knew: and when gone by,
These coming hours shall fondly dwell
Where mem'ry holds her fonder tie.

And though to Autumn's latest sheaf
I still must give the pensive sigh,
Yet I can see her falling leaf
Submissive to a ruder sky.

For Winter in his arm of might,
Bears many a social hope to me;
And much I love his longest night,
His longest night of friendly glee.

No brighter moments have I known,
Than those which Winter can bestow,
When friendship draws her circling zone:
Mid lakes of ice, or fields of snow.

And say thou Solace of each Care!
Nor less than Author of my joy!
A solace that I do not share:
A sweetness that could never cloy.

Myrtilla! say, recluse from all
That restless fashion would esteem;
When storms have vext this rocking ball,
Was peace with us? or but a dream?

Surrounded then, as some would think,
With prospect useless, void, and drear;
When nature's self appear'd to sink
In sorrow o'er her dying year;

Have we not heard, from scenes like these,

Her awful yet maternal voice?—

“ Mid snow-clad plains, and leafless trees,

“ Still let **DOMESTIC LOVE** rejoice.”

SONNET

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.



SOOTH bird! I envy thee the mournful strain,

With which thou pour'st thy bosom's woes away;

When I to love's sharp griefs, like thee, a prey,

Like thee, to listening dryades would complain:

Nought from my breast but heart-drawn sighs find way,
Sighs which not half express its latent pain,

In which too, no memorial can remain,

For sighs, nor pen, nor pencil will pourtray!

O could I by some art as blest as new,

Their spirits catching as they swell the breeze,

In symbols legible exhibit these,

As sounds articulate are held to view!

Enough of anguish in the scroll should sigh,

To raise the dewy tear in Anna's eye.

ETRARCH MORN.

The Old Maid's Apology.

I DETERMIN'D the moment I left off my bib, wou'd I
I would never become any man's crooked rib,
And think you to fright me, when gravely you tell
That Old Maids will surely lead apes when in hell?

I'll take the reversion, and grant 'twill be so

But yet I shall keep to my vow,
For I'd rather lead apes in the regions below,
Than be led by a foolish ape now.

IDLENESS.

WHO has not seen the maiden morn arise,
Her blushing cheek with heav'n's prime light o'erspread;
Now with a ling'ring paleness mount the skies,
Now gild th' horizon with a glowing red?

Who has not seen the murky night retire,
Dragging along his thick unwelcome veil;
Now at the far off wood he seems to tire,
Now slowly quits the damp and foggy dale?

Why there upon that couch supine he lies,
His recreant soul, half-drown'd in slumbers deep;
For twelve long hours each night he shuts his eyes,
The slave inglorious of half living sleep.

For him the gladsome morn ne'er rose on high,
For him the god-like sun ne'er shew'd his face,
For him the clouds which travel through the sky,
Never "drop fatness" on his kindred race.

Science, bedeck'd with robes of living light,
Shall ne'er on him bestow one heav'nly ray;
From him, disgusted with the hateful sight,
Wisdom and wealth have turn'd their feet away.

And lovely health, long ling'ring round his bed,
Is now about to take her last farewell;
Dulness usurps the empire of his head,
And sloth has bound him with her cobweb spell.

What has he done while living on this earth?
What virtues have his fellow men admir'd?
Whose lips rejoice that nature gave them birth,
Or in his well earn'd praise have never tir'd?

Come, ye distress'd, whom his assisting hand
 Kindly upheld, when troubled storms arose;
 Talk loudly of the schemes his wisdom plann'd,
 The arrows of misfortune to oppose.

Who from the thorny couch of sickness hies,
 To soothe with kind return, his languid hours;
 And all the arts of skill and medicine tries,
 And all the balm of consolation pours.

Ah, no! "deserted in his utmost need."
 His listless soul in anguish pines away;
 No unbought offices of love now feed
 His vacant memory with one happy day.

His wretched mind a blank—no knowledge there
 For silent meditation to con o'er;
 His life a lethargy of meanless care,
 Disdain'd a wordly or a mental store.

Uncounted roll'd his fleeting hours away,
 Unnotic'd now he sinks into the dust;
 Unmov'd, we see his frame consign'd to clay,
 No bleeding heart his monumental bust.

Then oh! beware, the man of sloth's fell wiles,
 On earth fair virtue's formidable foe;
 Learn to disdain her ease, distrust her smiles,
 They lure to wretchedness, they lead to woe.

ATHEISM.

• • • • • Bold with joy
 Forth from his dark and lonely hiding place
 (Portentous sight) the owlet ATHEISM,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his wise-fring'd lids, and holds them close,
 And healing at the glorious fun in heav'n,
 Cries out—"Where is it?"

COLERIDGE,

LINES.

FROM A HUSBAND TO A WIFE, ON THE FIRST
ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING.

'T IS our's, my bosom's dearest friend,
As life we backward trace,
To view with gratitude the past,
And hail succeeding days.

Your Edwin has not yet forgot
How brown the morning rose,
Nor how his busy fears almost
Bereft him of repose.

He felt the showers which fancy said
His union would annoy,
But now, with transport, he can own
They water'd plants of joy.

How dear, on memory's fairest leaf,
Does that bright instant stand;
When, with the appointed rites she gave
To me her willing hand.

Her heart she gave me long before,
A gift I'll ne'er resign;
Nor cease, when life itself is o'er,
To call Eliza mine.

If heav'n permit, to realms of day
Together we will soar,
Trace, hand in hand, th' æthereal way,
And, hand in hand, adore.

Twelve rapid months have roll'd away,
Thanks to your tender care,
A thousand joys, till now unknown,
Have been your Edwin's share.

SONNET TO COMMERCE.



COMMERCE! gain-grasping power, my dubious heart,
 Knows not if thou deservest praise or blame;
 Whether the blessing of the world thou art,
 Or civilized man's unceasing shame;
 Could thy wide arms unite all human kind,
 In one firm compact of fraternal love,
 For thee the muse her richest wreath should bind,
 For thee her strains in sweetest measures move.
 But if thy votaries, in the gloomy den
 Of trade immured, are callous to distress;
 Or if thy hard hands forge for fellow-men,
 The chains of slavery and of wretchedness,
 Still shall she execrate the power that gave
 Wealth to the tyrant—misery to the slave!



CUPID'S REVENGE.



YOUNG Cupid in sorrow one day had thrown by
 His quiver and darts, and did nothing but cry;
 While Venus, his mother, endeavour'd in vain
 To discover the cure for, or source of his pain.

A council was call'd in the chambers above,
 To consider the cause of dame Venus and love;
 The urchin was summon'd, but none could tell why
 Thus the ~~grief~~ in his features, the tear in his eye.

By the deities all thus in public assail'd,
The frowns of the gods o'er the godling prevail'd,
Who blushing, confess'd that his power was lost,
And all his late schemes by physicians were crost.

That his best levell'd arrows were fruitless and vain
For the faculty now could prescribe for the pain,
And grew rich in proportion as he had grown poor,
For as oft as he wounded the doctors would cure.

Old rosy-fac'd Bacchus, in accents divine,
Advis'd him to dip all his arrows in wine;
But Momus reply'd that 'twere better to steep
All his darts in some drugs that would lay them to sleep.

Appollo rejoin'd, " Those may sport with his woes,
Who only exist, or to drink or to doze;
But the only resource to gain his lost fame,
Is a few of his darts at the doctors to aim."

Elate with the thought, Cupid quickly withdrew,
His pow'r to regain, his new plan to pursue,
And wond'rous to tell, that unaided by fees,
He brought the proud doctors all down on their knees.

There despairing, he kept them in anguish awhile,
Would now kill with a frown, and now cure with a smile;
And made them confess, after making them feel,
That the heart which love wounded, love only could heal.



Foreign News.

*Copy of a letter from Lord Elgin to Lord Hawkesbury,
dated Constantinople, May 23, 1801.*

My LORD,

An officer is arrived from the Captain Pacha, with the intelligence that General Hutchinson had marched from Rosetta on the 8th inst. with 4,000 British troops in company with a corps of Turks of equal force under the command of the Captain Pacha, and on the 9th, attacked the French near Rahmanich. The enemy were driven in, and in the course of the night they retired towards Cairo, having left a small garrison in the intrenchment of Rahmanich. On the 10th, the fort surrendered, and the combined force then proceeded towards Cairo, having concerted their movements with the Grand Vizier, who was at El Hanka, a position four leagues distant from Cairo, in a north east direction. Our loss at Rahmanich is stated not to exceed thirty men.

The Turkish Officer reports, that a reinforcement of 3,000 British troops had arrived at Aboukir, about the 6th of May.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

ELGIN.

Rt. Hon. Lord Hawkesbury, &c.

Downing-Street, July 21.

A dispatch, of which the following is a copy, has been this day received at the Office of the Right Hon. Lord Hobart, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieut. General the Hon. Sir John Hely Hutchinson, K. B. commanding his Majesty's Forces in Egypt.

Head Quarters, Camp near Alkum.

My Lord,

June 1, 1801.

I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that the French had abandoned the position of El Att, on the 7th May, which we occupied the same evening, and on the

VOL. II.

Q

9th we were advanced to Rhamanich, where the French were posted with upwards of three thousand infantry, and eight hundred cavalry. We at first imagined that they might have endeavoured to have maintained that position, but our corps on the eastern bank of the Nile having got into their rear, took the fort of Rahmanich in reverse, which probably induced the enemy to retire in the night between the 9th. and 10th, leaving a garrison in the fort, which surrendered in the morning, amounting to 110 men commanded by a Chief de Brigade: we also took the same day about fifty cavalry and three officers coming from Alexandria. As the enemy retired towards Cairo, it became necessary to follow them, in order to cover the army of the Grand Vizier, and to secure a junction with the expected reinforcements from India.

Nothing happened of any importance until the 14th, when we fell in with a valuable convoy of Germs on the Nile. They had come from Cairo down to the Canal of Menouff, which joins the Damietta and Rosetta branches of the river. From this circumstance they knew nothing of the retreat of General La Grange from Rahmanich. About one hundred and fifty prisoners fell into our hands and several heavy guns, some of them intended for the defence of Alexandria. The convoy itself was very valuable, and is a great loss to the enemy. We found on board all kinds of cloathing, wine, spirits, &c. and above five thousand pounds in money.

On the 17th, when encamped at Alkam, we were informed by the Arabs that a considerable body of French, coming from Alexandria, were advancing towards the Nile, near the spot where the boats of the Captain Pacha then were. The cavalry were immediately ordered out, with two pieces of cannon under the command of Brigadier-General Doyle, supported by his brigade of infantry. Colonel Cavalier, who commanded the French convoy, as soon as he perceived the boats of the Captain Pacha, suspected that our army must be near, and therefore retired into the desert, where we followed him. The cavalry came up with him, after a march of about three hours. A flag of truce was sent into them by Major Wilson of the Homspech, requiring them to surrender, on condition that their private property should be respected, and

that they should be sent to France by the first convenient opportunity. With these terms they complied, and laid down their arms.—They amounted, in all, to about 600 men, infantry, cavalry and artillery, together with a considerable portion of the dromedary corps, one four pounder, and 550 camels. The prisoners taken are all Frenchmen, and of the best troops they had in Egypt.

On the 17th of May, the enemy retired from the fort of Lisbet, on the Damietta Branch, and formed a junction with about two hundred men which they had at Burlos; this fort they also evacuated, and embarked in five small vessels, four of which have been taken and carried into Aboukir Bay; the fifth endeavoured to escape towards Cyprus, but a Turkish frigate was left in chase of her, so that it is more than probable she has shared the same fate. The garrison of the two forts consisted of about seven hundred men: so that in all we have taken, from the 9th till the 20th, near sixteen hundred men, which makes a considerable diminution of the enemy's force in this country.

The French made a most extraordinary rapid march from Rahmanich to Gizah, where they arrived on the 13th, and crossed the river Boulac.

On the 15th they marched to attack the Grand Vizier's army. His highness anticipated their intention and made a forward movement with a considerable body of cavalry on the night between the 15th and 16th. The armies remained for some hours in the presence of each other, when the Ottoman troops attacked at about eight o'clock in the morning, and after an action of seven hours the French retired, having lost between three and four hundred men killed and wounded. They were nearly the same people who had retreated from Rahmanich, and were about four thousand or four thousand five hundred men.

I congratulate your Lordship upon the event of this very important action; I have also much pleasure in informing you, that the Manalukes, under the orders of Osmen Bey (successor to Murad Bey) have joined us, to the amount of about fifteen hundred cavalry, inferior, certainly, to none in the world. I am sanguine enough to hope that the most serious good effects will arise from this junction,

as they have a most intimate knowledge of the country and greatest influence among the inhabitants.

I enclose you the capitulation of the fort of Rahmanich, and also a return of the killed and wounded on the 9th of May, which I rejoice has been so very inconsiderable.

(Signed) J. HELY HUTCHINSON.

To the Right Hon. Lord Hobart.

Fort of Rahmanich, May 10, 1801.

The garrison of the Fort of Rahmanich will surrender to the Ottoman and British forces on the following conditions :

1. The Officers shall wear their Swords and retain their effects. They, as well as their soldiers, shall be prisoners of war. Granted.

2. The garrison shall be sent back to France, and shall not serve against the King of Great Britain, nor against his allies, until exchanged conformably to the cartel between the two nations. Granted.

3. The wounded are placed under the protection of British humanity.

Signed

LA CROIX, Chef de Brigade
CAPTAIN PACHA,

J. HELY HUTCHINSON,

Major General, commanding in Chief,
JAMES STEPHENSON,

Captain, Royal Navy.

Clonmell, (Ireland) June 12.

It is with infinite concern we learn, that the lower orders of the people in this and the neighbouring counties, are still carrying on the wicked work of burning houses, serving notices on the industrious farmers to quit their habitations, &c. an instance of which happened on the lands of Ballindonny, a few nights ago, where these deluded people set fire to two houses, which were consumed to ashes; and on Thursday night last another house was set on fire and burned to the ground, on the lands of Chancellors town near this town. In consequence of these outrages and notices, many farmers who have been residents for a number of years back, have quitted their habitations, and are now seeking shelter in this and other adjacent towns, from the violence of these nocturnal depredations.

American Intelligence.

The trial of Jason Fairbanks,* for the murder of Miss Eliza Fales, commenced before the Supreme Judicial Court at Dedham, (Mass.) on Thursday the 30th ult. On Friday a careful examination of the numerous witnesses in the cause was completed, the defence was supported by Messrs. Lowell and Otis, the prosecution by the Attorney General, the charge delivered from the bench and the cause submitted to jury at a late hour in the evening. On Saturday in the forenoon the jury brought in their verdict Guilty, and the solemn sentence of Death was passed on the prisoner by the Chief Justice.

Since which he has been liberated by a Banditti; 1000 dollars reward has been offered for apprehending him.

On the morning subsequent to the escape of this man-monster, the following paper was handed round in Dedham, and subscribed by most of the respectable inhabitants.

“ The stain of blood is on the land. Jason Fairbanks, the murderer, has escaped; we cannot tell where to look for him—we must look every where; therefore we agree, to three things;

“ That our houses and premises shall be searched.

“ That we will give an account of ourselves, and our inmates during the night past, and this day.

“ No honest man’s eyes must sleep in Dedham this night.”

Dedham, Aug. 18.—An additional reward of 1000 dollars is offered for the apprehension of Jason Fairbanks.

Norfolk, Aug. 20th.—On Monday evening last a meeting took place near Suffolk, between a Dr. Deshields and a Mr. Randolph, in which the former was shot through the thigh, near the knee, and the bone shattered in such a manner as to endanger his life.

* See Magazine, Vol. 1, page 316.

A melancholy affair happened in the family of John Dungan, of East Whiteland township, Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the morning of the 17th instant, when his three daughters, the eldest about eleven years of age, went out and gathered what they thought mushrooms. They brought them to their mother, who unfortunately dressed them in the best manner she could, and she, with half her little stock, partook of the poisonous morsel. On the 18th, about ten o'clock, they felt themselves getting sick. At three o'clock, on the morning of 19th, the youngest died; at one the same day the 2d. died; at three o'clock on the afternoon of the twentieth the eldest died; and at six o'clock in the evening of the 21st the mother died. The aid of two skilful physicians proved in vain. The poor distressed father, with his three little boys, by the over-ruling Providence of God, were not present at the deadly repast.

Domestic Occurrences.

August 1st.—Yesterday came on the trial of *Alpheus Vincent*, charged with the commission of a felony after escaping from the State Prison, in which he had been for a previous and heinous offence, sentenced to imprisonment for life. The law to a felony committed under these circumstances having prescribed the penalty of Death—the public curiosity was considerably awakened.—Mr. Washington Morton was the advocate of the prisoner—the Assistant Attorney General, Mr. Colden, the prosecutor ex-officio.—By testimony it was undeniably established that the prisoner had been actively engaged in breaking out of the prison—that those who were with him, and whom he aided, had after getting outside the strong inner walls of the prison, taken out of the arm chest of the keeper, eight musquets, valued at 80 dollars—that they then secured the keeper—knocked down the sentry at the outer gate—unlocked it—and in a body made off, carrying with them the above mentioned arms.—The Jury after retiring a few minutes, brought in a verdict of **GUILTY!**—

2d. **VINCENT** being brought up this morning to receive sentence, his council made two motions in his favor, one in arrest of judgement because a *tales* had been award-

ed *instanter*; and secondly, a motion for a new trial, because Noah Gardner had been admitted as a witness, having been convicted of forgery and confined in the State Prison, and though he was pardoned yet the pardon was special leaving him subject to all disabilities.

The Court over-ruled the first ground, but said that as the second point might admit of some doubt, and the Court were not full, only two being present, they would postpone judgment till after next term, which will be in October.

18th.—Between the hours of 3 and 4 this morning, a fire broke out in the Bake-house of Mr. John Green, No. 83, Fair-street, which communicated to the Rev. Mr. Stanford's Meeting House. The bake-house was entirely consumed, and the house of worship, generally speaking, was destroyed by the conflagration. There not being any wind to aid the fire, the active exertions of the citizens, soon checked its career, and preserved a block of wooden buildings surrounding the spot of the disaster.

Marriages.

Aug. 1st.—At Hackensack, by the Rev. Mr. Romayne, Jonathan Pearsee, Jun. Esq. to Miss Sally Loudon, daughter of Mr. Samuel Loudon, all of this city.

2d.—By the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. John Smith, to Miss Maria Fredericks, both from Germany.

8th.—By the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. Daniel Diegh, to Mrs. Catharine Anbick, both of this City.

9th.—At New Town, Long Island, by the Rev. Mr. Van Dike, Dr. James S. Stringham, to Miss Lydia Hunt, both of this city.

11th.—By the Rev. Dr. Wall, Mr. Patrick Kane, merchant of Norfolk, to Miss Hannah Harris, of this City.

By the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Jacob Sulcer, to Miss Maria Egleston, of Southwark.

15th.—By the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. Jacob Keymer, to Mrs. Ann Thomas, both of this city.

Lately at Ball-Town Springs, by the Rev. Mr. Nash, Mr. Charles Sherry, , to the amiable Miss Polly White.

17th.—By the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. Thomas Post, to the amiable Miss Mary Morris, daughter of Mr. David Morris, of this city.

20th.—By the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. James D. Wallace, Merchant, to Miss Helen Fortin.

At West Chester, by the Rev. Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Archibald Jackson, to Miss Ann Davidson, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr Ichabod Prall, to Miss Hannah Thompson daughter of Mr. John Thompson, Merchant, all of this city.

Deaths.

At Charlestown, S. C. on Monday night the 3d inst. after an illness of 24 hours, Mr. Silas Norris, a native of New-York (Sag Harbour.)

12th.—In the 20th year of her age, sincerely lamented Miss Julia Rhinelander, daughter of Mr. Frederick Rhinelander, of Greenwich-street.

17th.—On Staten Island, after a short but severe illness, Dr. Richard Bailey, Health Officer of the port of New-York.

18th.—At New-Castle, (West-Chester county), in his 78th year, Jacob Watson, late of this city, Merchant.

At Louisville, Georgia, General Gunn, Senator of the United States from that State.

25th.—Mrs Catherine Hopper, wife of Mr. Andrew Hopper an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

29th.—Cornelius Verdine Brewerton, Esq.